Her work to perfect, second, is the Power
From SemelS born. He found the liquid shower
Hid in the grape. He rests man's spirit dim
From grieving, when the vine exalteth him*
He giveth sleep to sink the fretful day
In cool forgetting. Is there any way
With man's sore heart, save only to forget ?
Yea, being God, the blood of him is set
Before the Gods in sacrifice, that we
For his sake may be blest,—And so, to thee,
That fable shames him, how this God was knit
Into God's flesh ? Nay, learn the truth of it,
Cleared from the false.—When from that deadly light
Zeus saved the babe, and up to Olympus[1] height
Raised him, and Hera's wrath would cast him thence,
Then Zeus devised him a divine defence.
A fragment of the world-encircling fire
He rent apart, and wrought to his desire
Of shape and hue, in the image of the child,
And gave to Hera's rage. And so, beguiled
By change and passing time, this tale was bora,
How the babe-god was hidden in the torn
Flesh of his sire. He hath no shame thereby,
A prophet is he likewise. Prophecy
Cleaves to all frenzy, but beyond all else
To frenzy of prayer. Then in us verily dwells
The God himself, and speaks the thing to be.
Yea, and of Arcs' realm a part hath he.
When mortal armies, mailed and arrayed,
Have in strange fear, or ever blade met blade,
Fled maddened, 'tis this God hath palsied them*
Aye, over Delphi's rock-built diadem